THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1592.

Original Poetry.

THEY SAY THAT AM GROWING OLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

They say that I am growing old,
That darker grows mine eye,
That passion's fire are waxing cold,
And feeling's fountain dry;
That time amid my darkened locks
Is twisting wrinkles of gray!
In truth, that I am growing old,
Because I am less gay!

Well! be there locks on me if they will,
And sunk my eye in fire,
Furthermore the eye's dim to them,
That seems not so to me!
I will but say the outward form
May not know less to wax
Than even it had—but ours are I,
I grow not old within.

They say that I am growing old,
That feeling grows icy frame,
That all the genius once I bore
I bear not now the same;
That all my fantasy once so fair,
Look meager, cold and thin;
I say be it—but ours are I,
There still is youth within.

Be let them note me if they will,
I do not care deny
That Time has touched with fatal hand,
My temples ivy brow, once gay,
But one thing still I do protest,
To which he can impose
No touch to make it alter the low-
ering and happy tone.

Maine, Mine. IMOGENE.

Original Novelet.

EOLINE;
OR,
MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "EOLA," &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER IV.

Gradually the mild, Southern winter melted away into tropical softness and bloom. So gradually, that the morning twilight of Spring brightened into its noon day, before the eye was conscious of the transition from leafless boughs and a barren soil, to the breathing foliage and the springing grass. So imperceptibly the world in awakening nature lulled with such mystery, as to remain bewildering to the unconscious freedom of the open air, in the midst of sunlight and flowers, the young prisoners forget the bondage of in-door restraints, and indulge in the natural enjoyments of childhood and youth.

As the first of May approached, the pupils of Magnolia Vale Seminary pleaded earnestly for permission to select a Queen, whose coronation rites should be celebrated by the three immortal Graces.—Poetry, Music and Dancing. There was the loveliest spot in the universe, not very far from the seminary, designated by a beautiful grove where the regal Magnolia blossomed, itself a Maydey Queen, wearing its pure crown of glory, and the wild flowers revelled in wanton luxuriance. There they could dress a coronation bower, and there the fairest young maiden, who has long worn the blooming honors of the year, But Miss Manly shook her head and refused the negation. She could not listen to such a useless proposition. It was a waste of precious time, an innovation on her strict, established rules. It would be an unpardonable interruption in their studies, and finally, their preparation for a public examination.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed, "my republican principles will not permit me to sanction these royal rites. I cannot allow the daughters of our free-born land to ape the manners and customs of the poor vassals of European tyranny. The Magnolia Vale Seminary is a democratic institution, and the germs of monarchy shall never be nurtured in its bosom."

The Colonel spoke with patriotic energy, but the young democrats still sighed for their Queen. At length, moved by the united pleadings of Uncle Ben, Eolian and Miss Mica, she condescended to give them a holiday, with permission to pass it in the beautiful spot they had chosen for the coronation. The children were wild with delight at the prospect of a gala day, though disappointed in their original plan.

The morning dawned without a cloud, though the sun had set in darkness, and every one who saw it would vote, for it always did rain when any such enjoyment was anticipated. Even the May sun shone bright and cheeringly on the magnificent little cavalcade, and they were soon rifling the garden of its roses, and filling their baskets with the gathered honeyed buds in their vases. The baskets were not entirely filled with roses, for their absence were in the bottom, but not a tear of the heart was visible through the flowery covering. A more ample provision still was deposited in a small basket, carried by a sable negro girl, who delighted in being made a participator of the holiday spirit. Uncle Ben was to take charge of the juvenile basket. We really believe he would have wept, had any thing occurred to debar him at home, he was such a pure lover of Nature and children. Eolian interested him not of the day with all the zest and enthusiasm of youth, and even Louise's partiality was lighted with the glow of anticipation.

The pupils rode on the green in front of the academy, where Miss Manly arranged them in military file, and gave them a thousand instructions about marching, of preserving an erect carriage, and a lady-like deportment.

"Come with me, Miss Manly," said the children, smiling to think how funny Miss Manly would look reading about the fairies and the elves, all under the Magnolia boughs. The idea seemed an appropriate one for playing, but to make his thunder-bolts and dance a polka with the Muses.

She waved her head with a superior smile, and giving the signal for their departure, they commenced their march with due dignity and deliberation, through the long, grand alley, and continued it down the road, that is, as long as they were within reach of the telescopic eye of Miss Manly; but the moment they turned into the graveyard path, the pupils threw off the ball, colossus plan trees, the finite soldiers began to desert their ranks, and fly about, as wild as a flock of pigeons. It was a royal avenue through which they were winding, so cool, so breezy and shady, that they ran with their sun-bonnets swinging in their hands, under the tall, green gothic arches, and whispered to her,

"I am old! It's no such thing—I am nothing but a boy, after all!"

Eolian's elastic voice brought the boy back to his grassy seat. She felt inspired by the influences surrounding her, and never sung so wild, so sweet a strain. The very silk-clad seemed to bask in roaring, for no one heard it was she that was singing. She was not afraid to give full scope to her voice, with such a songstress as Louise to accompany her. As it fell, the notes went up, and still up, till the ear fancied to follow them, lost the clear, crystal sounds in the distance, and then, like the glass, then, gliding, stealing lower and lower, with the softness of the zephyr, they died away among the flowers.

All at once, clanging her key, she struck into a gay, frolic-like melody, that set the children dancing round her, like magic. Fanny Darling had a long garland twined round a tree, and Eolian, she skipped as she danced, and a leveller looking fairy never filled over the ground.

At this moment, a beautiful dog ran to their feet, and sniffing one of the wicker baskets in his teeth, was about to carry off his prey, when a young man, who appeared to be his master, sprang from his horse, and after him, gaining, stealing lower and lower, with the softness of the zephyr, they died away among the flowers.

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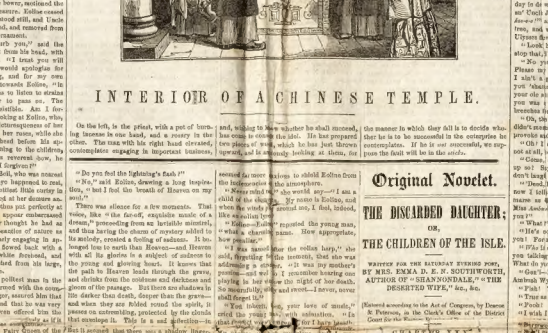

On the left, is the priest, with a pot of burning incense, and on the right, a devotee kneeling before the idol. He has his right hand elevated, contemplative engaging in important business,

and, wishing to know whether he shall succeed, he has thrown down the dice. He has grasped two pieces of wood, which he has just thrown upward, and is anxiously looking at them, for

the manner in which they fall is to decide whether he is to be successful in the enterprise he contemplates. If he is not successful, we suppose the fault will be in the stars.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE MAIDEN WIFE," &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COQUETTE.

Zephyrs her ringlets blow;
Sporting about her neck and cheek they play,
Kiss the soft color of her temples warm,
And envying her, do their wings delay.
To Beckie sick—decree of expression's charm.
Mr. Brooks

She is the source of all our wretchedness, and all our sweetest joys.
Sheridan.

"Right! what be come sheldonish' stills' down and die here way, Schoss;" bounced Constable of Narricanse, as they both stood idling about the front lawn gate of Pelmi Pleasant, and looking with pitiful pathos upon the prostrate and corpse, came cantering down the road. "What be odds be some sheelastic' a stills' down this here way for?"

"Mr. Comfort, 'come me for' thrilling you a message, and I suppose you have carried back to bed-ground hime," the facetious Schoss replied, as he bent over the form of Miss Manly's displeasure, and drew a cambric handkerchief from his pocket or rather, of its manifestation in such a place, for it was the only one that could be seen to be the habitation. She was gratified to find that there was more than pretense.—It was kindness, for he had offered his own handkerchief, the bitter part of the way, and had not been refused.

Comfort took the handkerchief from Schoss, and applied it to the face of the fair one, who was still lying on the ground, and then, with a cool dollar turned up above the sun-burnt face of Schoss, he ran off to the house, and called for water.

Schoss, who was the politest man in the county, and who was discreet with the delicate nonsense of the young stranger, assured him that he had not dropped out of faint, and that he was very happy to see him. He even offered him the use of his own handkerchief, which was very much at his service. But Comfort was satisfied as it was, and he only begged that Schoss would not trouble himself to go to the house.

Yielding with grateful willingness to our request, Schoss and Eolian was left to the care of Comfort, while he went on to the house.

"Right! what be odds be some sheelastic' a stills' down this here way for?" bounced Constable of Narricanse, very composedly; "set house after, and see my son Schoss, somebody else can get a bucket of water to put it out! Oh, yes?"

"Oh, run, run, run, Schoss!"

"Oh! Run, run, run, Schoss! What 'spec' I can do? Get my head knock off?" Schoss replied, with the same dry humor.

"Don't be fool! Don't yer see dere's Ole Nance jes' rid up and jump off his horse, an' get Miss Eolian in his arms? Don't yer see? Where your eyes at?"

"Oh, I didn't see! Oh, thank goodness!" exclaimed Comfort, as she saw Judge Jackley's carriage approaching, and Nance unseen in *seeking* down, as it were, Ulysses and Comfort ran together.

Nestiness went to take his master's horse, and Comfort walked off to the house, to put in execution the plan he had made in a downright earnest talk 'long of Miss Amibush.

Comfort found Amibrosia Wylie in her chamber, sitting before her toilet-glass, arranging her hair. She flushed and excited, and hastily and nervously finishing her toilet-glass, and hastily and nervously finishing her toilet-glass, and hastily and nervously finishing her toilet-glass

the game; and General Garnet praised her skill in his own peculiarly, charming manner—not something in it—something nameless—vague—she knew not what, had disappointed and displeased her. It was not General Garnet—Africanness was perfectly faultless! It could in no way be connected with him! Yet when at leaving the cross-table, the General took her hand and asked, if her attendants were not too much fatigued, to be permitted to conduct her to the prince, she could not bear to look her partner in the face with deliberated tenderness. At her request, he chose a song, then opened the music-book, turned over a few leaves for him, and went through all the *forms* of all former occasions of the kind, but without the *spirit*—as when Ambrosia had sung for us six pianos, and across from the piano, she could see her looking into tears of vexation—not at General Garnet! His *manner* was perfectly faultless!

Soon after the General Garnet took his departure. Judge Wylie accompanied his guest to the outer gate to see him off. He returned back remained in the drawing-room with Miss Wylie. Father is particularly gallant to ladies with all the world, himself, and especially his Cousin Ambrosia. Hyssops went up to where she stood, before the fire, with her books and her head rested against the edge of the mantle-piece, according to Comfort's usage, seemed to begin to make small divisions demonstration. standing his arm around her waist, as he said, and patting his lips a little too near. At another Amber thought so, for she suddenly sprang aside, and flung the door to with a bang, and against the wall offending lips, rushed out of the room, leaving him with his head turned toward the book-case.

Ambrosia gained her own room, and found it already warmed and lighted, and old Caroline sitting in the rocking-chair before the fire, darning her (Ambrosia's) stockings. Her eyes were in cheerfulness, comfort and repose of her chair. But, her last attention care of her old servant to whom she was very fond of her ill-temper. Old Comfort immediately arose, put her mistress's washed slippers before the fender, and with night dress near the fire to get warm, and placed the candle-stand with the Bible on it, by the side of the rocking-chair, so that Miss Wylie could read her customary chapter before retiring to her prayers and going to bed. For this was a *habit* that Ambrosia by her grandmother, a man much as yet in the habit of being obeyed, and we not recall in evil, and may eventuate in good. Ambrosia took off her outside clothes, and the House subsided for her comfort, his hurried step in the hall, and the servant had withdrawn, retired to her own room, and approached the light and her face to the glass—then leaving imperatively, scornfully to wash her old maids, and—

"Have I changed any within a few days, Comfort?"

"Miss?"

"Have I grown older or uglier since day before yesterday?"

"Lor, Miss Ambush, what a question!"

"*Have I?*"

"*Lor a'mussy*, Miss Ambush, *chile*, sure we's all know'd ye ever since ye was born, and ye ain't *nuffin*—all flesh is grass, you know!"

"Have I grown old?" Then, put on your spectacles—look at me good ye!" said Ambrosia, holding the light above her head.

"Lor, Miss Ambush, I'se got to wish you weren't, as no fish particular questions—that's 'specially to me to answer, and ye alright! to say more 'grosable for you to hear!"

"I have grown ugly, then?"

"No, honey, I didn't say dat! You never was ugly! Now, of you never was *slow ugly*, you was *pretty to fuller*." No, Miss, you is *pretty!* Dat's why I don't look 'at like yourself. You look kinder homogenical ar' sense, and I'se gets so' frowny sixteen your eyebrows! Ain't you beautiful, honey thing o' yer, honey!"

Without replying, Ambrosia took up her light again and returned to her toilet-table, where she brushed her beautiful hair, looked with yearnwrinkles, as she took particular questions—"what's 'queen to do to remove wrinkles, at night?" ay any more 'grosable for you to hear?

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
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THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Children of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Hentz's "Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale," we design commencing

VIOLA: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Lectures, General News, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not

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From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

[illegible]

...tion of the organic law of the Territory. The election was held in pursuance of old customs, or laws which existed in the Territory before its organization. Although the signature of the Secretary is attached, it is said, by the returned United States Officers, that it was obtained by Governor Young, under the direct protest of Mr. Harris, the Secretary, and before the returns had come in. He repeated that he had been assured there was gross corruption, although he did not know the facts personally.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia.—What the gentleman states amounts to this:—That the delegate was elected contrary to the organic law. But the resolution instructs the Committee on Elections, to inquire whether there was not fraud in the case. The gentleman might as well make the resolution attach to me as to any other gentleman, therefore I am utterly opposed to it.

Mr. Briggs said he was at all times unwilling to endorse rumors with regard to the conduct of any gentleman, but it is asserted on authority in which he had confidence, that $3,000 was tendered by Mr. Bernheisel to Brigham Young.

Mr. Stephens, of Ga., said he was opposed to outside rumors, and to these whisperings in the ear. If anybody will make the charge he should listen to it. As to the election being contrary to law, the Committee on Elections can make the inquiry.

Mr. Cartter said there was nothing in the resolution which was not matter to call for investigation. We ought not to close our eyes to the subject. We have now lying on our table, a report from all the returned officers of Utah, save one, seriously implicating the conduct of the people of the Territory, and, if he was not misinformed, implicating the election of the delegate. I would not, he said, prejudge this case, but I shall be under the necessity of adding another inquiry, namely—whether polygamy is justified and practised there, and whether the delegate is liable to the suspicion of being a polygamist. [Much confusion. A voice—"What if he is?"]

Mr. Cartter.—If he is, my vote shall vote him out of this Hall. [Cries of "Good," and "One wife for one man." Laughter.] I will not consent to sit in this Hall with any man who may thus openly defy the moral law.

Mr. Fitch.—I call the gentleman to order. He is speaking to a matter not before the House, and indulging in personalities.

Mr. Cartter.—I was merely supposing that it might be so. We cannot close our eyes to the things which are whispered and more than whispered, and which come to us from the returned officers whose duties were foreclosed by tyranny, as it is assumed. I am for an investigation, without fear, favor or affection. [Confusion here burst out afresh, which was, after great efforts by the Speaker, partially quieted.]

Mr. Seymour, of New York, called attention to the fact that the delegate had expressed a willingness for an investigation, and suggested that the matter might lie over another day. He thought this was due to the delegate.

Mr. Phelps said he understood the Chair to say that this was a question of privilege. If so, the gentleman from New York, (Mr. Briggs,) could withdraw the resolution now, and present it again at any time.

Mr. Briggs, under these circumstances, withdrew the resolution, as the debate on the Mexican Indemnity Bill is limited.

Mr. Disney offered a resolution, requesting the Secretary of State to transmit to the House, copies of all notes addressed to the State Department, by the Mexican Minister, Senor De La Rosa, on the subject of the payment of the Mexican indemnity, in the months of February and March last, together with his statements of any information verbally communicated to the State Department, as to the desire to have the money paid here, and the terms on which Mexico was willing to receive it. The resolution was adopted.

On the 23rd, the House again went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the Mexican Indemnity Bill.

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General News.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

Foreign News.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

The Markets.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

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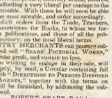

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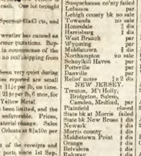

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
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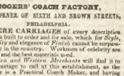
ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.
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Selected Poetry.

MY GOOD OLD AXE.

BY O. W. B.

Let others sing of oxen and flowers,
And open prairies and barley air,
And silver streams and fairy bowers,
And heiress treasures so fair;
But I will talk of thrush and bird,
And tell of the good old Axe.

This good old Axe my father bought,
Long years ago, for honest toil,
When none of us knew labor wrought,
Nor feared their hardy hands to soil,
(With observation on their hands
By swinging them—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe—thy edge of steel
Has served us well for years and over;
When, rang of old thy echoing peal,
How would the forests bow before!
And shrub and sapplace bowed like fan
Beneath thy resolute good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe! thy polished blade
Has left the pine and fir-tree low—
Hath sawn the ash and stately maple
And bade it ere the ocean go:
Thou hast been used in many climates,
All felt thy power—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe! how sacred the blood
Along the steppish side of life
Which mingles with the ardent sap people flood
Gushed by the cast in battle strife!
The sword shall rust, but thou shalt be
And brighten yet—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe—the wintry blast
Is driven from us by thee;
Tears freezing as they fell so fast,
Are dried by thee—the hearth's bright glow;
Stands ring—the blue spire thee creaks
His note and all owe to thee—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe!—the Western wine,
When thousands rush to dig and die,
May boast of one whose axe has been
But seems more useful 'mark the sky
The good old Axe, the stentorious train
Are kin of thine—thou good old Axe.

Thou good old Axe—well may'st thou rest!
A faithful soldier art thou,
Chasing the dark woods to the West,
And placing where they stood, the corn!
While lovely valley wears and was
Like changing hues—thou good old Axe!

Thou good old Axe!—a patent power
And magic spell to bid is thee;
Touched by the wand—the wealth thy dower,
Or gains but little for yearly see:
Who travels long and seeks in vain
Peace, riches, health—thou good old Axe!

Worcester (Vt.) Democrat.

Pictures of Life.

TWO PICTURES OF A FARMER'S HOME.

FROM MR. PATRICK'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE JEFFERSON CO. (N. Y.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

An Industrious pair, some twenty or thirty years ago, commenced the world with strong hands, deep hearts, good health and a young babie. By the blessing of Heaven their industry has been rewarded with plenty, and their labors have been crowned with success. The dense forest has given place to stately orchards of fruit, and fields fertile, well-varied pasture, and verdant pastures, covered with the evidences of wealthy generality. In the largest of these, and in its stead a fair white house, two stories, and a wing with kitchen in the rear, flanked by barns, and cribs, and sheds, and other offices.

But take a nearer view. Has what means the pretty garden and tasteful shrubbery which surround? For what market is that still magnificent crop of grass, and that clover destined, that fills up the spaces *day out* the "garden?" And look, too, at those wide, unsightly gaps in the fences, and weeds, and briers, and chokeberry, that mark the lines of every fence!

Approach the well, behold the road to be *mentioned*, and now land! Two stories and a wing, and every blind shut close as a sailor's eye! Without a look at the sun! Go to—touch the air of barrenness and desolation around it. There is death, death, death! The whole place a pyramid of bones in the desert. Mound the unfrequented door-stone, grown over with the weeds, and knock till your knuckles are sore. It is a beautiful moonlight October evening; and as you stand waiting, a wedge of geese, which come from the sun, and satisfies you that somebody lives about—they are *cackling*. Some one has been good enough to open your window—which you knock again and again in vain—and you see that the family are all gathered in the neighborhood of the shadiest. Some are the "kitchen." They are alive, and have busy *lives*, all together. The kitchen is the hearth, the living-room, the dining-room, the room of all work. Here father sits with his hat on, and in his other hand has turned his pen behind his ear, and blind men, sum with hats, and some with coats, and some with neither. Here mother, busy shuffling cards, and romp; the tired men are scraping their stocks and whittling the pine boards, and some are sitting down to supper on the edge of the kettle—others, then a dough-nut and a jest at the girls, who, with their mother, are *doing up* the home-work. The younger of the children are playing at hunt-the-ring, and hiding their fingers. Not a book is to be seen. Winter schools have not yet commenced, and the master is going to board there. Privacy is a matter of unknown value in that family, and if a son or daughter should borrow a book, it would be almost impossible to find it at the end of a week, and no occasion is the front house opened, except when "company" come to spend the afternoon, or when things are *studying out* some way of getting their younger children to learn their letters, or to study themselves occupy. They are in easy circumstances, own nothing, and have money loaned at home and abroad. After much examination, a son is placed at school that he may be fitted to go into the world as a gentleman, to study a *profession*, and a daughter is sent away to learn books, and manners, and graces, that this son or daughter may do the hard earnings of years are lavished; and they are reared up in the belief that the *mere* smacks of the vulgar. In vulgar—that the farmer is *necessarily* ill-bred, and his calling ignoble.

Now, will any one say that this picture is overdrawn? I think not. But let us see if there is not a better one. Let us look at the expression and character of the picture, almost without cost of money. I would point out a neater, happier, and more economical way of educating those children for more thoroughly, within all the means within the limits of which they are expanded, and they are prepared to enjoy, in the station in which they are destined, the fruits of their own early industry.

And first: let the *front* part of that house be thrown open to the sun—convenient, agreeable and pleasant room is to be selected as the *family-room*. Let the kitchen be never spoken of, when the work of the kitchen is completed, let mothers and daughters be found *there* with the appropriate work.

Let it be the room where the family after is erected, a social intercourse offers the morning and the evening sacrifice. Let it be consecrated to the Creator, to purity, and Christian love. No *bar* ever be seen in that room on the head of its owner; let no other individual be permitted to hold it there. If father's head is bald, (and some there are in that predicament,) his daughter will be proud to see his temples covered with the neat and graceful silken cap that her own hands have fashioned for him. If her mother wears by day to toss fancy for the evening, adhesive she cheap, and in rotten wadding. Let the sitting-room and in that daughter's hand encase him the most comfortable wrapper in the world; and if she has individual to be pained, let her's carpet, a basket of wheat once in three years will be found in slippers of the richest kind. Let that table which has always stood under the looking-glass, *against* the wall, be wheeled into the room, in better times, and every plenty of useful (not ornamental) books and periodicals at hand. When the family circle comes, bring on the lights—and plenty of them —for once in a way—and all who can read, and most willing students. They will read, they will learn, they will discuss the subject of their studies with one another, and the parents will then be quite as much instructed as their children. The whole family will be present at most of our day throw a flood of light upon the *science* and practice of agriculture; which work as Downing's Landscape Gardening, held one year upon that centre table, will show its effects in every house, by with books and studies like these, a purer taste is born and grows more vigorously.

Pass along that road after five years' work-log of this system in the family, and what a change! The thistles by the roadside sanctified the manure heap for a year or two, and then they died. Three beautiful maples and graceful elms, that beautify the grounds around that decorated house, were grubbed from the side hedge-rows of five years ago; and an even three prolific rows of blackberries, and raspberries, and bush cranberries, that shine so richly in that *near garden* yielding abundance of small fruit in their season. The unsightly out-buildings are screened from observation by these masses of foliage; and the many climbing plants that now hang in graceful festoons from tree, and porch, and column, once clambered along that same *hedge-row*. From the meadow, from the wood, and from the gurgling stream, many a native wild flower has been transplanted to a genial soil, beneath the homestead's sheltering wing, and yielding a daily offering to the household gods, by the hands of those fair privatesses who have now become the presiding deities. The planting of a few trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and climbing plants around that once bare and unsightly dwelling, has made it a delightful residence, and its money value is more than doubled.

A cultivated and happy family dwell in a thousand farms, and at every touch of its hand, great and small, adds to its property. Its children's tastes, so far from plunging its possessor into expense, makes money for him. The *land* on which that *happy family* dwells, is, for a distance, has produced enough since, to *double* up the interest of the original cost. And then, having its sunk-brain to the garden, where they have not, only supplied the table with vegetables in their season, but have yielded many a surplus quart, to purchase that long row of red and yellow Autumnal Pumpkins, that contribute so many hundreds of the money brought with their money, to the new and well-filled barn, and the old orchard.

These sons and daughters sigh no more for town or city life, but love with intense affection every foot of ground they tread upon, every tree, and every shrub under which they have sat, hands have planted, or their taste has trained. But stronger still do they love the parents to that *family room*, where their minds first began to be developed, and to whose influence, around which they still gather with the shades of evening, to drink in knowledge, and wisdom, and understanding.

The stout farmer who rose looked upon his acres as only a sea of golden grain, waving to the gold, now takes a widely different view of his possessions. His eye sees upward to the *waterfall* in which he looks with renewed pride upon every giant carcass of the forest that by their hands have been prostrated, and by their hands have planted, or their taste has trained. But stronger still do they love the parents to that *family room*, where their minds first began to be developed, and to whose influence, around which they still gather with the shades of evening, to drink in knowledge, and wisdom, and understanding.

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